Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.
The Musicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
By'rlady he is a good musition.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.
Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.
Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giu'st such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then *Finsbury*:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these 2. hours, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne
And then to horse immediat
Mor. With all my heart.
Enter the King, Prin
King. Lords, giue vs leau
Must haue some priuate con
For we shall presently haue
I know not whether God wi
For some displeasing seruice
That in his secret doome, o
Hee'le breed reuengement a
But thou dost in the passage
Make me beleeue, that thou
For the hot vengeance, and
To punish my mistreadings
Could such inordinate and
Such poore, such bare, such
Such barren pleasures, rude
As thou art matcht withall,
Accompany the greatnes of
And hold their leuell with t
Prin. So please your Mai
Quit all offences with as cle
As well as I am doubtlesse I
My selfe of many I am char
Yet such extenuation let me
As in reproofe of many tale
Which oft the eare of grea
By smiling Pick-thankes, an
I may for some things true,
Hath faulty wandred, and i
Find pardon on my true su
King. God pardon thee
At thy affections, which do
Quite from the flight of all
Thy place in Counsell thou
Which by thy yonger Brot
And art almost an alien to

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